

Wearing Down London Bridge.

It is estimated that during a year twenty-five cubic yards of the granite pavement of London Bridge is reduced to powder by the enormous traffic. Twenty thousand vehicles cross daily and 200,000 foot passengers.

Reading the Mind

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS TELEPATHY?

Prof. Serviss Thinks Its So-Called Manifestations Can Be Explained by Ordinary Occurrences.

By Garrett P. Serviss.

"Please write about 'mental telepathy' and 'mental telepathy' possible when two persons are a great distance apart? I know it is possible when the parties are in the same room, but am doubtful about it when they are in different cities."—M. F. D. New York.

If you know that telepathy, or "conveyance of thoughts and feelings from mind to mind by other than the ordinary channels of sense," is possible, even when the parties are in the same room, then you know more than I do on the subject, for I have never witnessed a successful experiment of the kind. What seems to be such transference, or conveyance, are common enough, but, as far as my personal experience goes, they can always be explained without the necessity of supposing other means of communication to exist between the minds of the persons concerned than those which our recognized senses afford. Differences in the acuteness of the senses, and in the activity of the intelligence behind the senses, which interprets what they bring to its notice, suffice to explain all the cases of apparent telepathy with which I happen to have been acquainted.

There are persons who can "read your thoughts," not because there is any flow of mysterious waves in the ether from your brain to theirs, but because their senses note little things which most persons neither see nor hear nor feel, while, at the same time, these "sensitives" have, by training, or through inborn capacity, acquired the ability to draw quick and sure inferences from effect back to cause. "Lip reading" by deaf persons is an instance. Stories built up by the imagination are not perhaps properly quotable authorities, but you may ponder with advantage on many incidents in the "Sherlock Holmes" tales, where surprising results are obtained in the way just described. The painful fact is that most of us do not "take notice," except of certain familiar things and aspects of things which were compelled to notice because they directly affect our well-being or comfort. There is a flood of impressions continually flowing over our senses of whose existence we are ordinarily as unconscious as we are of the air in the room in which we sit. The human countenance is all the while "giving away" the thoughts of the brain behind it, but only the penetrating and practiced observer captures the disclosed secrets.

The skillful fence sees the soul of his adversary, behind the window of the eye, preparing a stroke, and is ready in advance to parry it. If he drops his gaze for an instant he

may get the blade in his heart, for no "telepathic wave" will substitute itself for the light-ray from eye to eye on which his safety depended.

A familiar test of "mindreading" is finding a concealed object by taking the hand of the person who hid it and leading him or her about the room containing it until it is found. Success in this depends, if there is no trickery through a confederate or otherwise, upon nothing unconscious movements, looks, or expressions of the subject.

Nevertheless there are some curious results that have been obtained by very intelligent experimenters, which, in their opinion, offered proof of real telepathy. The most startling of these are alleged phantasms caused to appear to persons at a distance at the will of the operator. In such cases the operator, having the person who is to be the subject of the experiment in mind, at the same time fixes his attention upon the object or figure (which may be that of a man or a woman) that he wishes to cause to appear to the subject. I have read, of at least one such case, in which the figure of a woman was thus made visible not only to the person experimented upon, but also to a visitor who happened to be in the room with him.

The operator who produced the phantasm was miles away. I do not vouch for this story, but you can find it, and others similar, in the reports of the Society for Psychical Research and allied publications. One of the explanations that have been suggested for the seeing of ghosts (if ghosts ever are seen) is that they are phantasms of dying persons created by telepathy in the minds of friends upon whom the thoughts of the decedents are fixed at the moment of death. The visions of dreams have also been suggested as probable subjects of telepathic control.

The late William T. Stead, among his many intellectual interests, paid much attention to the question of telepathy, and assisted in experiments upon it. At one time he believed that he had found an operator who was able to communicate his thoughts from London to a recipient in central England, and at the request of the editor of the New York American I prepared some tests which were cabled to Mr. Stead, but the latter reported that the operator found the tests "too severe," and nothing more came of it.

But I by no means think that the advocates of telepathy should be ruled out of court. They may make out a good case some day, but, while admitting that we should continue to subject all of their "cases" to the strict rules of scientific evidence.

Do Not Give Way to Fretfulness. It Takes the Fragrance Out of Life

Magazine Page

"She Loves Me Not—She LOVES ME!" By NELL BRINKLEY

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A Delicious Dessert.

TAKE any number of sweet apples (they must be sweet ones) and rub with a dry cloth. Cut out the stem and eye and insert two or three cloves in each. Place in a pan, cover with sweetened vinegar, and boil until the skin bursts. Then pour into jars and tie down when cold.

DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

"AND I am sure that you, Dr. Seward, humanitarian and medico-legal as you still are, will undertake that if you will satisfy even me—a stranger, without prejudice, and with the habit of keeping an open mind—Dr. Seward will give you, at his own risk and on his own responsibility, the privilege you seek." He shook his head sadly, and with a look of poignant regret on his face. The Professor went on:

DR. VAN HELSING FAILS TO GET RENFIELD'S AID.

"Come, sir, think yourself, the highest degree, since you seek to press us with your complete reasonableness. You do this, whose senses we have reason to doubt, since you are not yet released from medical treatment for this very defect. If you will not help us in our efforts to choose the wisest course, how can we perform the duty which you yourself put upon us? He wise, and help us; and if we shall aid you to achieve your wish." He still shook his head as he said:

"Dr. Van Helsing, I have nothing to say. Your argument is complete, and I was free to speak. I should not hesitate a moment; but I am not my own master in the matter. I can only ask you to trust me. If I am refused, the responsibility does not rest with me." I thought it was now time to end the scene, which was becoming too comically grave, so I went toward the door, simply saying:

"Come, my friends, we have work to do. Good night." As, however, I got near the door, a new change came over the patient. He moved toward me so quickly that for the moment I feared that he was about to make another homicidal attack. My fears, however, were groundless, for he held up his two hands imploringly, and made his petition in a moving manner.

As he saw that the very excess of his emotion was militating against him, by restraining us more to our old relations, he became still more demonstrative. I glanced at Van Helsing and saw my conviction reflected in his eyes; so I became a little more fixed in my manner, if not more stern, and motioned to him that his efforts were unavailing.

RENFIELD CHANGES TACTICS TO OBTAIN WISH.

I had previously seen something of the same constantly growing excitement in him when he had to make some request of which, for instance, as when he wanted a cat; and I was prepared to see the collapse into the same sullen acquiescence on this occasion.

My expectation was not realized, for, when he found that his appeal would not be successful, he got into quite a frantic condition. He threw himself on his knees and held up his hands, wringing them in piteous supplication, and poured forth a torrent of entreaty, with the tears rolling down his cheeks and his whole face and form expressive of the deepest emotion.

"Let me entreat you, Dr. Seward, oh, let me entreat you, to let me out of this house at once. Send me away how you will and where you will; send me with me with whips and chains; let them make me in a strait-waistcoat, manacled and leg-ironed, even to a gaol; but let me go out of this. You don't know what you are keeping me here." (To be continued tomorrow.)

War Time Recipes

Individual Apple Rolls

300 Calories

Four medium-sized apples, 1 pint water, 1½ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, rich biscuit-dough. Peel, core and chop the apples fine. Roll out the biscuit-dough about one-half inch in thickness, and spread apples over the dough. Roll up, and cut across in pieces about one and one-half inches thick. In a large bowl, boil together the water and sugar for ten minutes. Pour this syrup into a baking-pan, and lay the rolls in it, out side down. Sprinkle each layer with a little cinnamon and sugar, and place a bit of butter on it. Bake in a moderate oven for about thirty minutes. Serve with or without whipped cream, with a little of the syrup poured around each roll. It desired two slices of lemon may be boiled with the syrup.

Green Mince Meat for Two Good-Sized Pies

300 Calories

One and one-half quarts of green tomatoes, 1 cupful chopped tart apples, 1 chopped orange, 3 cupfuls medium-brown sugar, 1 pound raisins or mixed fruits, 2 tablespoons minced ground apples, 2 cupfuls mince. Sprinkle the tomatoes with salt and let stand overnight; then drain and chop fine. Add apples and orange and simmer two hours, then add the remaining ingredients and simmer one hour. As this will keep indefinitely it canned as usual in sterilized jars while boiling hot, a larger quantity can be made at a time.

Rice and Corn-Meal Muffins

98 Calories

One-half cupful white corn-meal, two-thirds cupful hot milk, ¼ cupful cooked rice, ¼ cupful flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 egg well beaten, 1 tablespoonful melted shortening, ¼ teaspoonful salt. Four hot milk over corn-meal and let it stand five minutes. Add rest of the ingredients in the order given and bake in greased muffin-pan in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

Anecdotes of the Famous

Miss Ellaline Terriss—who is, of course, Mrs. Seymour Hicks in private life—considers that quite the funniest experience she ever underwent was one day when she was coming up to London by train alone. A stranger got into her compartment just as the train was pulling out of the station, and after a brief interval started a conversation on what he called "the celebrities of the drama."

"I know 'em all," he said. "Lena Ashwell and George Alexander, Arthur Bourchier and Oscar Ashe, Seymour Hicks and that poor Ellaline Terriss."

The famous actress suddenly became interested.

"Why 'poor' Ellaline Terriss?" she asked.

"Oh, 'aven't you 'eard?' That was the reply. "Er 'usband—that's Seymour Hicks, you know—knocks out about something 'cool."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, the brute, 'e does. And if ever I meet 'im face to face I'll give 'im the thrashing 'e deserves."

Just then the train drew up at Charing Cross and Mr. Hicks opened the carriage door. Miss Terriss got out. Her travelling companion got out, too, and touched her on the arm.

"For a moment," says Miss Terriss in relating the incident, "I was really frightened. I saw that he was eying Seymour, and I thought perhaps there would be a free fight. I was just going to beg him to have mercy when he began whispering."

"I say," he said, "I told you I knew 'em all. That man who opened the carriage door is Martin Arvey."

Surgeon-General Sir A. Sloggett, who has recently been made a K. C. M. G. by King George, is responsible for the following:

Mamma, it appears, was one day sitting her finger-nails at dinner,

and little Johnny was moved to ask the reason why.

"Nervousness, dear," answered his mother. "It made me so uneasy to see you swallow your grapes whole that I didn't know what I was doing. You'll get appendicitis, if you're not careful."

A few days later, however, Johnny's mother was herself taken ill, and the case was diagnosed as appendicitis.

An operation was performed and the patient was relieved. The surgeon discovered that what had caused the trouble was the presence of a small piece of finger-nail in the appendix.

"It was all your fault, Johnny," she said. "This would never have happened if you hadn't swallowed those grapes whole."

I heard George Tully, the well-known actor, tell a good story of a chance meeting with a break-down performer.

While feeling in his pocket for the customary coin, it occurred to him to ask the derelict: "Have you had breakfast yet?"

A hungry—"or was it a thirty?"—look came into the latter's eyes.

"Not a drop," he replied earnestly. "Not a drop, George, on my honor!"

Curious Walking Feat.

The most curious walking feat in Scotland dates back to a former century, when Sir Andrew Leith Hay and Lord Kennedy did a great walk for a bet of £4,500. Hay said he could walk from Blair Hall in Kinrosshire to Inverness in less time than Kennedy.

They started off that very night at 9 o'clock, in their evening clothes, with their shoes and silk stockings. Sir Andrew took the coach road via Huntly and Elgin. Lord Kennedy, with Captain Rose as umpire, went straight across the Grampians in pouring rain. They walked all that night, all next day, and the following night, and Lord Kennedy got to Inverness at 6 o'clock in the morning of the third day, and won his bet by four hours.

NO letter from home—no letter for an eternity and another day, too. Life's a funny thing. Somebody said, "He who forms a tie is lost." By golly! that's right. It rains, and I like to sit with my feet in a puddle. There's mud all over the world and over you and me! This landscape is a charming thing—put in with a dirty finger, with high lights of bursting whizz-bangs, and funeral trees from Dante's journeyings. No letter from home! I know why. SHE IS TOO BUSY HAVING A GOOD TIME!

The Hidden Hand

By Arthur B. Reeve,

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Episode 3.

THE ISLE OF DREAD.

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THOUGH they did not know it, at the front door Trask had arrived. As usual, Platt was again on the job. But Trask's brusque manner awed him. Trask walked deliberately to the house.

"Tell Mr. Ramsay and Miss Whitney I am here," he ordered as the butler opened the door, careful not to let Platt outside, see him.

The fake butler bowed, as he held the door open, closed it, and then led the way down the wide hall to the library.

"Be seated, sir," he bowed. "I will tell them you are here."

Trask seated himself and as he did so fumbled in his pocket to make sure that he had his keys. A precious key at least which opened a secret vault in a trust company, known only to himself, where the will was deposited.

The fake butler looked about covertly, caught sight of Trask bending over the keys, turned silently and swiftly behind him, and

a blackjack swung noiseless through the air.

A moment later the fake butler, grasping the keys, snatched down the hall, started quickly to open the front door. But before he could turn the knob the door itself was opened from the outside and the ever-present Platt was standing before him.

"Well," demanded Platt, "the fake butler was speechless. He could not have been his programme. He could think of nothing to do but bow, and to Platt such humility was a tribute. He allowed the butler to pass and he slunk gladly out, while Platt continued down to the library."

Meanwhile Verdi had joined Doris and Ramsay at tea out on the lawn and a moment later Uncle Abernethy, followed shortly by Dr. Ramsay, came to the library.

"Hasn't Trask come yet?" inquired Scarey of Doris.

"Not yet," she replied. "The words were scarcely uttered when there was a wild shout from the direction of the house and they saw Platt in the library window, waving and gesticulating like a madman. He had gone into the library, and on the floor lay the body of the Whitney lawyer."

The party on the lawn rose and ran toward the house. They demanded of Platt in the hall, "That lawyer—Trask—murdered?"

Gasped Platt. Doris screamed and clung to Verdi, as the men hurried into the library with Platt.

A LETTER from home. A letter with her little funny hand upon the outside—and inside—ab-b-bb! And she says she's sending a box. By golly! that's a funny guy who said, "He who"—It's a great day out. Little funny sheep-wool clouds and everything. I feel like reaching up and pulling a bit of it down to pack around a present for my doll-girl back home. It's pretty nice to be a livin' and putting in a thump for my Wednesday-night girl—Miss Columbia. A letter from home. She says SHE'S THINKING OF ME!

A Serial Replete With the Thrill of Mystery.

Scarey, his medical training unpermeated, dropped to his knees beside the body, examining it.

"Dead, all right!" he remarked as the others inquired anxiously. Ramsay glanced at Platt, thinking quickly. Outside in the hall he could hear the two girls. This was no place for Doris. Platt was worse than useless.

"You will take up the case here," he ordered Platt, as he strode into the hall, muttering to himself. "He cannot do any harm."

There were Doris and Verdi, terror-stricken. Verdi was almost hysterical. But Ramsay paid no attention.

"Here, Scarey," he ordered, "quiet her. Don't go in there, Miss Whitney—please. You must go to Whitney Island as quickly as possible."

Doris no longer argued with this man. Flight or wrong, the terror of this house was too much for her. She hurried now to get ready.

Whitney Island, to which the real butler had by this time come, was one of a cluster of islets, some beautifully kept, others inhabited only by squatters until such time as the owners might get the high prices for them that the wealthy were willing to pay.

One in particular was inhabited by a rough fisherman who lived in a shack just a little way from the beach in a cove. He was now starting in his grimy old motorboat for his daily trip to the mainland.

To the same dock from which James had departed in one of the Whitney motorboats there was still

moored another of the family's fast boats, waiting for Doris.

Suddenly there nosed out from under the spilling a rowboat with four evil-looking fellows in it. It was the Hidden Hand, the fake Ramsay, the fake butler and another. The rowboat pulled up silently under the cover of the dock to the Whitney boat. The Hidden Hand smiled as he read the name "Doris" on the stern of the boat.

Into the water he reached far down with a monkey wrench and began twisting at the nut which locked the propeller to the shaft, loosening it. Then, as silently, with his evil companions, he rowed back under the dock and disappeared.

Down to this dock, alone and in a hurry, came Ramsay and Doris. Ramsay leaped into the pretty speed boat, handing Doris in, and depositing her grip on the seat. He whirled the engine, cast off, threw in the clutch and shot away in a cloud of spray, just as the old fisherman chuck-chugged up to the boat.

Neither Ramsay nor the fisherman saw under the slime-covered spillas the four evil faces peering out of the semi-darkness, the Hidden Hand leering as the Doris sped away.

It was a cloudy day and the water was a little rough already. The wind was freshening every minute. Ramsay and Doris had not gone half a mile across the sound in the direction of Whitney Island, before the boat began to slow down and the engine to race.

To Be Continued To-morrow.